Lillie Pozer

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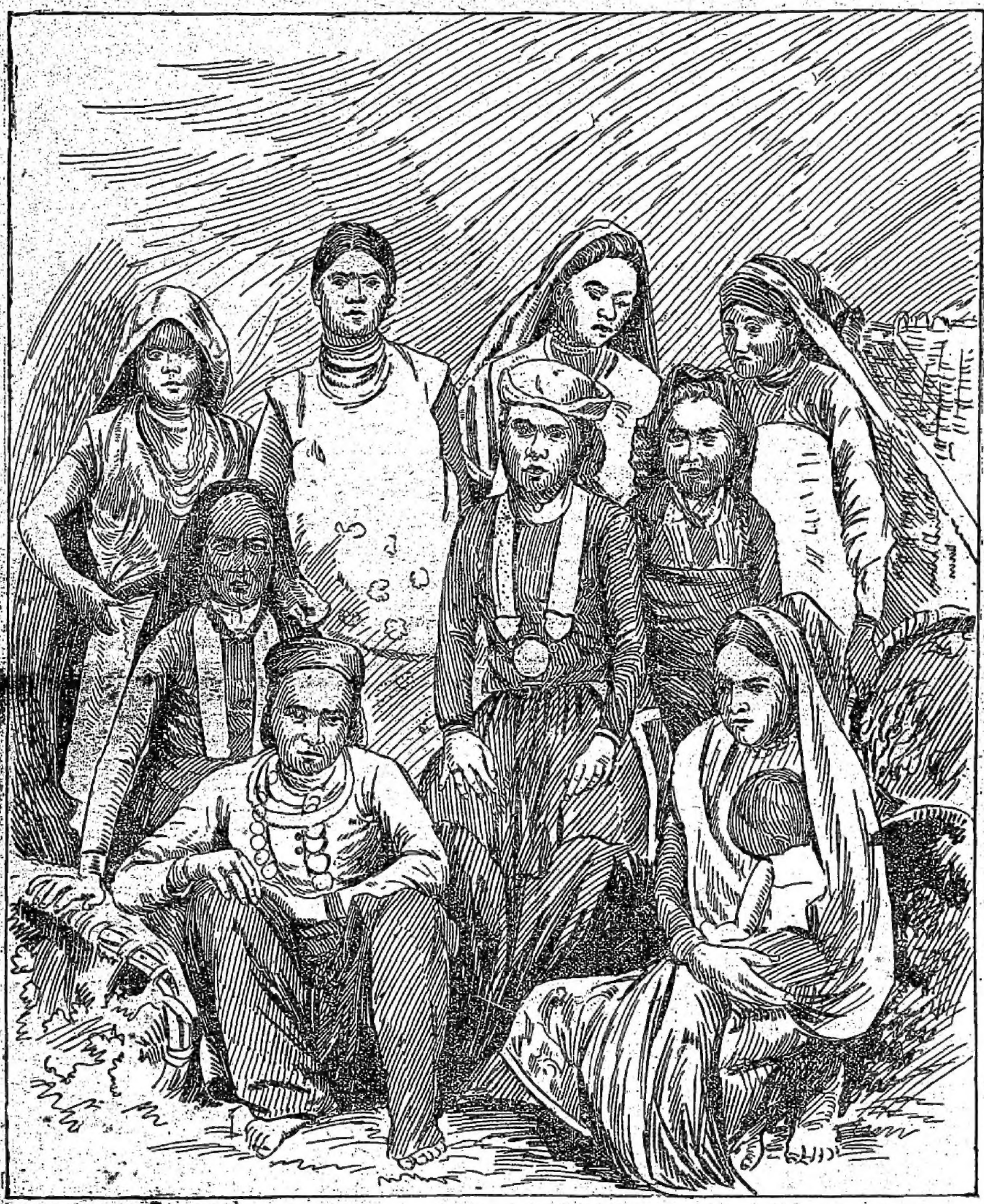


NATIVE INDIAN WOMEN.

Tea Growing in India.

(R. Blechenden, Commissioner, in 'Frank Leslie's Magazine.')

The modern development of the natural resources of India was made possible by the introduction of the railway into that country, remote districts having been linked together, and it is this alone which has made it feasible to carry to millions who would otherwise be starving, even to death the wheat grown in the fields of California and the great West—the newest part of a land undiscovered at the time when the ancient civilization of India was in its zenith. Apart from steam, the one thing which has been the most potent factor in the leaven of commercial activity now working in India was the discovery that the tea plant grew wild in Assam. Its cultivation, first tried in a tentative way, proved so satisfactory that capital was readily forthcoming to develop such a promising source of wealth. It was soon seen that more labor was required than could be obtained in the thinly peopled jungle country, where only rich virgin soil was available.

The development of the railway system, which now reaches from end to end of the country, and covers more than twenty thousand miles of road, has made it possible to obtain labor from the 'congested' districts, thus solving the great problem of over-population, as the demand existing at one end of the line is filled by the supply at many places through which it passes. This demand for labor is not confined to the mainland, but is equally urgent in Ceylon, where the great

strides made in recent years by the tea industry has been the cause of high wages and labor fast enough to keep pace with the development.

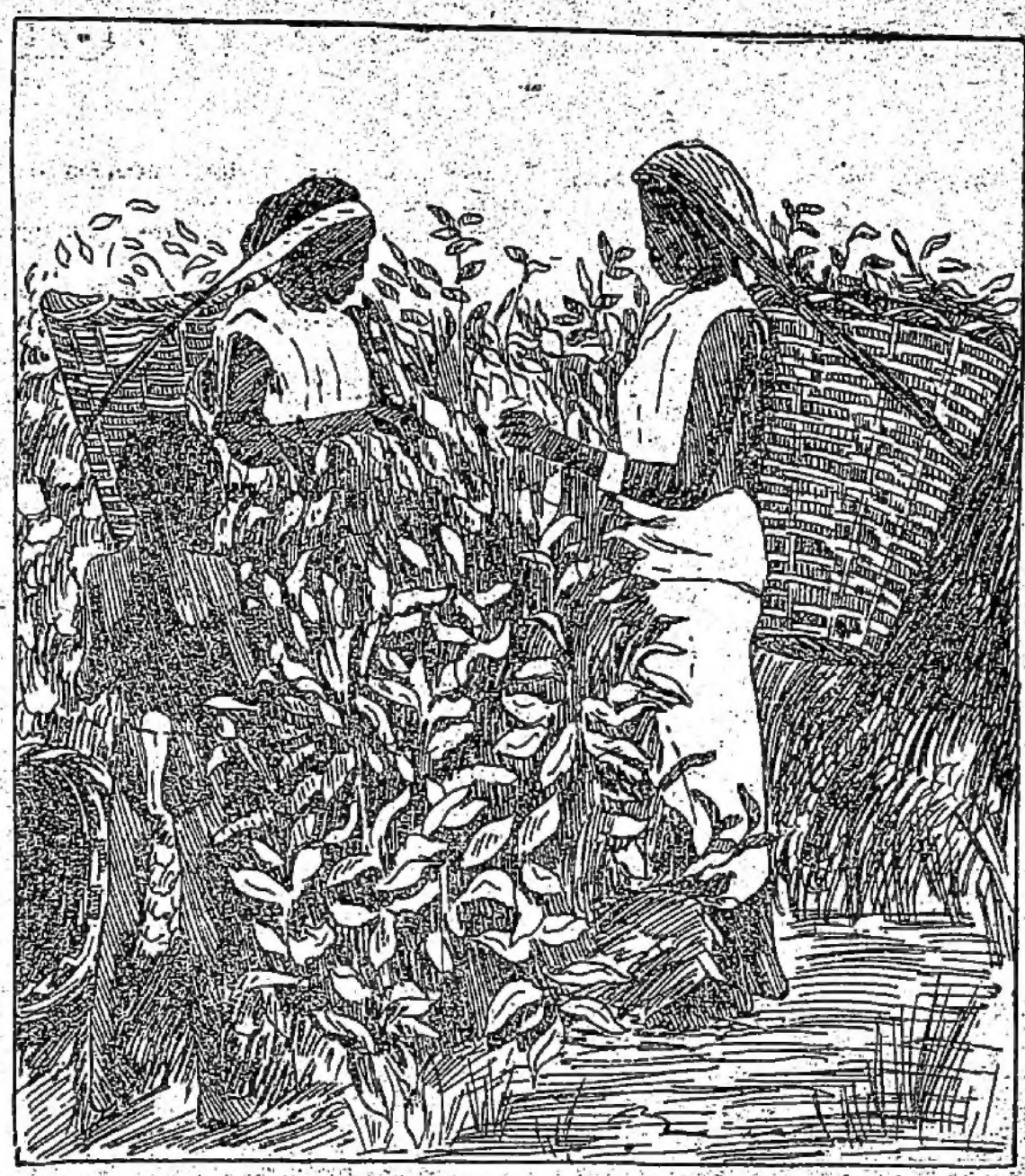
The result is that the tea districts of India and Ceylon, formerly so remote from the thickly populated tracts that their names even were unknown, are fast being peopled by a most heterogeneous collection of peoples. India's vast population is divided into many races, speaking different tongues, and as widely dissimilar to each other as are the different nations of Europe. The group on the first page, taken in a tea garden, illustrates this in a forcible manner. The most casual observer could not fail to notice the distinct types of three races, and an ethnologist would readily place them. The three women standing in the background, on the left as one looks at the picture, belong to the Kolarian group of races, and are thus the descendants of one of the aboriginal peoples of India. The woman crouched in the corner with a babe in her arms is one of the mixed races resulting from a marriage between Aryan and aboriginal tribes in early times. The rest of the women are specimens of some Tibeto-Burman tribes. Mongolians, dwellers mostly of the Himalayan regions.

The system of tea manufacture finds work for whole families, so that the sight of a mother, daughter and young grandchild picking the delicate leaves side by side is not uncommon. The men are employed at the harder field tasks or in attending to the numerous machines, where the leaf passes through the different processes of manufacture, untouched by hand—an important point to the consumer of tea who remembers that the work is all done in a tropical climate, in heated rooms, and the filth which is communicated to the leaf in China and Japan has no chance of contaminating the tea which comes from India and Ceylon.

The work of the women and children is light indeed. The half dozen leaves shown in cut 2, is what the planter calls a 'flush,'

A FLUSH.

and of these they are expected to pick only the three topmost ones, consisting of two leaves and a leaf-bud. As none of the coarser teas are made on modern gardens, such as 'stem tea' and 'brick tea,' which are peculiarly Chinese products, care is taken that none of the coarse leaves are plucked. The green leaf is plucked about every ten days—the tender bud and two soft leaves only being taken—and carried three times a day to the factory in baskets. It is then spread thinly on tats(shelves made of Jute hessian) and left to wither until it becomes soft and flexible to the touch like an old kid glove. This it does in from twenty-four



SOME TEA-PICKERS.

to thirty-six hours in fine weather, though in wet weather the process takes longer. It is then put into large rolling machines and rolled once or twice for from half an hour to an hour each time (the process varying in different factories), the machines being carefully washed after each day's work is finished.

The 'roll,' as the green sticky mass is now called, is then put into shallow trays or baskets to oxidize for from one to six hours, according to weather and temperature, at the end of which time it assumes a more or less bright copper color, and the oxidation is complete. The oxidized roll is next put into large firing machines, through which it is passed at a temperature of from 180 degrees to 240 degrees Fahr., and in from fourteen to eighteen minutes comes out as made tea.

The bulk, as it is now called, is then put into bins to cool, and on the following day is passed through a series of sifters with meshes of different sizes, which separate the finer from the coarser leaves, and produce the teas of commerce known as Broken (or Orange) Pekoe, Pekoe, and Pekoe Souchong, with a small residuum of Souchong fannings and dust. These are put away in separate bins; and when enough tea has been made to allow of a shipment being despatched, the teas are once more final-fired at a low temperature of about 150 degrees to 160 degrees Fahr., and packed hot in lead-lined chests and carefully soldered down to exclude the air, and are then sent from the factory in bullock carts and by rail to Calcutta, the port of shipment.

It will be seen from this description of the methods pursued in Ceylon and India that the plans of the ancestor-worshipping Chinaman, who follows ancient methods on the ground that he cannot improve on the ways of his father, have all been changed, and the 'ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain,' have given place to light, cleanliness and decency, that machines which are clean and not subject to skin disease have taken the place of the dirty, oily, greasy hands, or feet of the Chinese methods. It is not that the Hindoo in his untutored state is very much cleaner than the Mongolian, but the system allows of no handling of the leaf.

The Miser's Money Bag.

An old man in his last illness was admitted into one of the London hospitals. He was without relatives, friends, or apparent means of subsistence; but when undressed and put into bed a bag of money was found suspended by a string round his neck. To this he clung with tenacity, refusing to part with it to any one, and wearing it about him by day and night.

As his end approached the treasure became a matter of anxiety to those attending him; for the sum was evidently large, and it was feared that it might offer temptation to some patient in case the moment of his death should be unobserved.

At length the hour arrived, and when death had apparently claimed him, a nurse gently unfastened the string, and removed the bag. At the same moment the old man opened his eyes, and felt instinctively for his treasure, which was no longer in its place. He uttered the word 'Gone!' and died.

The money, which was found to amount to £174, was handed over to the hospital authorities, till it could be ascertained whether he had any relatives.

'He uttered the word "Gone!" and died. Nothing left! Nothing which could be got back! The feeble hand of death could not regrasp that bag; the feeble voice of death could not reclaim it; the hand could only feel that all was gone; the voice could only utter the one word 'Gone!' Then the hand that had hoarded dropped empty on the breast; and the tongue was silent for ever.—'Friendly Greetings.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

An Angel With Bright Buttons.

(By Ellen A. Fyfe, in 'Sunday Hours.')

'Hullo, I say! What's up? Who are you?'

Harry Weston was striding, as rapidly as a dense London fog would permit him, down some quiet back streets, chiefly occupied by warehouses, towards the office in which he was employed all day. He had been keeping close to the wall for safety, when suddenly his knee was clasped by a small pair of hands, and a sobbing voice exclaimed,—

'Oh, please, please, I want to get home!'

'Who are you?' he repeated, peering down into the fog, through which he could just dimly perceive a small figure. 'And what are you doing here?'

'I'm Dot,' answered the voice; 'I came out to get mother med'cine, and I'm lost.'

Harry pulled the child under a gas-lamp, which was doing little more than making the fog visible, and was confirmed in the impression given him by her voice, that she was no ordinary street-child. After a glance at his pleasant, good-natured face, she stole a cold little hand confidently into his, repeating,—

'Please take me home. Mother wants her med'cine quick.'

'Where is home?' he asked.

'Just round the corner, only I can't see, and I'm frightened, and a horse nearly knocked me over. But you can take me quite well.'

Harry looked at his watch, and then at the child in perplexity. He had just time to reach the office by nine o'clock. And yet, how could he leave the child? He looked round for a friendly policeman, but not a creature was near.

'Which corner?' he asked.

'That one,' she replied, pointing up the street. 'No, it is the other one, I 'spect,' pointing down.

'I expect she has come round a good many corners since she started,' muttered the young man. Aloud, he said:—

'What's the name of the street you live in?'

'Don't know,' replied the child, shaking her head. 'We only came there yesterday, and then mother was ill, and the doctor came, and I had to go to the dis— dis—, I can't say the word, for her med'cine.'

'Dispensary, I suppose you mean.'

'Yes, that's it. And I've been looking for an angel to show me the way home, but I haven't seen one yet.'

'An angel!' exclaimed Harry.

But the precious moments were flying, and he had to come to a decision.

'Here, little one,' he said, 'you must come with me, and I'll see what can be done. I'm sorry your mother must wait for her medicine till we find out where you live.'

The child made no resistance, and Harry hurried her along, wondering whether he could get permission to go out later and find her home.

'Hullo, Weston! Set up a family?' was the first remark which greeted him when he entered the office, but he paid no attention to the shower of chaff which fell on him as he hastened towards the chief's room with the wondering child.

SOON THEY WERE ON THEIR WAY THITHER, TOWED ALONG BY THE SAME FRIENDLY GUIDE.

Mr. Mostyn had just arrived, and was drawing off his gloves before a blazing fire. He looked up in astonishment when Harry appeared, leading Dot.

'Better wait and see if the fog clears,' he said, when he had heard the story. 'It is hopeless to try to find anything just now. Leave the child here by the fire,' he added, wondering where he could have seen her eyes before.

The head-clerk entered the room as Harry retired, and for some time Mr. Mostyn was so fully engrossed with business as to forget all about Dot. Presently, however, he turned and saw her kneeling before the fire, with her hands clasped and her eyes shut. He watched her curiously for a few minutes, and, when she opened her eyes, inquired:

'What were you doing just now?'

'I was only asking Jesus to show me the way home to mother. She does want her med'cine so badly,' and her lip quivered.

'And do you suppose he will do it?' queried Mr. Mostyn.

'Why, yes, of course,' was the astonished reply. 'P'raps not just at once. Mother says God doesn't always give us what we ask for d'reckly, 'cos it's not always good for us. But it must be good for me to get back to mother with her med'cine, so he's sure to send an angel soon. Don't you think so?'

'I don't know. I'm afraid my acquaintance with angels is limited,' he replied.

'What's limited?' inquired Dot.

But Mr. Mostyn changed the subject.

'What is your name?' he asked, still wondering why the child's eyes seemed so familiar.

'Dorothy May Mostyn, but mother calls me only "Dot."'

The gentleman started and changed color.

'Mostyn! Where's your father, child?' he questioned hurriedly.

The child shook her head.

'Father went away in a big ship, and mother cried, and I asked her if God wouldn't bring father back again, but she said no, only he'd maybe let us go to father some day. I don't know where he went, and I don't think mother knows now, 'cos she never has any letters.'

'How long has your father been away?' was the next question.

'I can't 'emember 'xackly, it's such a long time—years and years.'

'What's your mother's name?'

'Why, "mother," of course.'

'Yes, yes, but I mean her Christian name. What did your father call her?'

'Oh, lots of things, "darling," and "honey," and "sweetheart," and lots more. I can't 'emember them all.'

It was evidently hopeless, and Mr. Mostyn sat regarding the child with knitted brows for a few minutes. At last he said, half aloud:

'She must be Sydney's child; there's no mistaking the eyes. It never struck me there might be a child. And how is it they have hidden themselves in London all these years?'

Rising, he put on his hat and his coat, and taking Dot's hand, said:

'Come, little woman, we'll go and find mother.'

The child jumped up with alacrity, saying, as she did so—

'We've got to find the angel first, you know.'

Great was the astonishment in the outer office when the two appeared hand-in-hand, and Harry Weston hardly knew whether to be pleased or not at having Dot taken out of his hands in this way, for he had taken a great fancy to the child.

It was not without some difficulty that they reached the nearest police station, but, once there, it was not long before a good-natured official discovered, even from Dot's vague description, where her mother was living. Soon they were on their way thither, towed along by the same friendly guide.

'He doesn't look very much like an angel, does he?' remarked Dot, as they walked along.

'Who? What are you talking about?'

'He doesn't,' she replied, pointing to the big, burly policeman, who could not repress an amused grin.

Mr. Mostyn laughed outright.

'Not very much, I should say, as far as I know anything of them.'

'But I s'pose God could make an angel look like anything he liked, couldn't he?'

'Yes, child, I suppose so; but what connection is there between angels and policemen?'

'Oh, 'cos I thought God would send an angel to show me the way home to mother, same as he sent one to let Peter out of prison. But I s'pose it's all right. I 'spect he's an angel underneath.'

At that moment they stopped at an open door, and, with a cry of joy, Dot darted upstairs, Mr. Mostyn following more slowly. He stood for a moment or two at the door of the room she had entered, watching the scene within. Dot had thrown herself on her mother's bed, and for some time the sick woman was so fully occupied in caressing her recovered treasure that she did not see the stranger. It was, as he had guessed, his brother's child, who had come to him in the fog—that brother who, through a series of mistakes, had been wrongfully accused of a criminal offence, and who had only escaped prosecution for the sake of the family name. At length Mrs. Mostyn looked up, and—

'Wilfred!' she exclaimed in surprise.

'Yes,' he said, coming forward. 'Can you ever forgive me, Rachel? But, indeed, I had no idea you were in England. Why did Sydney leave you behind?'

'He had no choice,' she repied. 'We struggled on, living I hardly know how, for three years after Dot's birth, but at last he had to go, and he means us to join him soon.'

'If I had only known sooner!' groaned Mr. Mostyn. 'We hunted and advertised as soon as we found out our mistake, but——'

'You found it out?' she interrupted. 'Oh, thank God! thank God! Dot, darling, father can come home now. Look, here is a letter from him; it has just come. Oh, it is too much joy!' and she fell back exhausted on her pillow.

'How have you lived all this time?' inquired Mr. Mostyn, looking round the bare little room, after some further explanations.

His sister-in-law pointed with a smile to a sewing machine and a pile of unfinished shirts in the corner.

'You lived by that!' he cried. 'O God! forgive me! Why didn't I try harder to find you out? But I never dreamt you would have remained in London. And how could I, how could any one have believed Sydney guilty of such a deed?'

'I've had such a lot of a'ventures this morning, Dulcibella dear,' remarked Dot in confidence to a rather dilapidated specimen of the doll tribe. 'And such a queer angel brought me home. I 'spect he'd got wings and white clothes and things of that kind underneath, but outside he'd got black clothes with big, bright buttons on them, and such a 'culiar hat. Wasn't it funny? And only think! We're going to live in a nice house with Uncle Wilfred—that's another funny thing, I found an uncle this morning—and fathers' coming home, and mother's getting well, and such a lot of nice things are going to happen. You shall have a new dress, too, my dear, mother says so, though Uncle Wilfred laughs and says I'd better have a new doll, and not that 'd'lap'dated old thing.' Fancy calling you a d'lap'dated old thing, my dear, dear, darling Dulcibella! Yes, mother, dear,' in a louder tone, 'I'm just coming, only I wanted to tell Dulcibella quietly about everything, 'cos she mustn't be startled or 'cited, you know.'

Myrtilla's Spinning Wheel.

(By Fanny M. Pierce.)

She sat on the cliff gazing dreamily across the blue water to the little rocky island upon which the waves broke in great masses of white foam. The little island always had a peculiar fascination for Myrtilla. When a little girl she had peopled it with fairies and genii and other wonderful folk, and had loved to imagine that in every crack and cranny of the rocks lurked a fairy palace or a captive princess. That was long ago, and Myrtilla was too old for fairies now, but from force of habit whenever she sat on the cliff her eyes would turn towards the island. She was thinking very deeply now, and her thoughts were not altogether happy. In fact there was a rebellious feeling struggling for mastery in her heart. Life was so dull, so common-place! Other girls had such happy, pleasant lives, so full of books, of school, and a thousand little pleasures that make girlhood sweet. Myrtilla's existence was one round of eternal monotony. To be sure, she had the island of the sea, and now that it was autumn the glowing maples and the gleaming hickories, whose leaves glittered so in the afternoon sunshine, but Myrtilla did not think of these things now. She only thought how glorious it would be to leave the humdrum little village in which she lived to go away to some good school, and then perhaps to college and to become wonderfully learned and good. How much might she not accomplish in the world then!

She could see herself dressed in a soft, white muslin dress, a bunch of roses in her hand and a shell comb in her hair (just like the one the young lady who had come to the village last summer had worn), stepping forward to receive her diploma at the hands of a distinguished professor. But this was only a dream, and at the thought of the lovely white dress Myrtilla looked with a sigh at the brown-checked gown which she wore, and smoothed back her already too smooth hair.

'I guess I'd better go home,' she thought. 'Grandmarm will be wondering where I am. Poor grandmarm! I wonder why she's so queer? I wish that we could be just like other people for once!'

She turned around and walked resolutely away from the cliff through the coarse grass into a little path which led through a grove of scrubby pine trees. The breeze blew her soft hair about her face and brought the color to brown cheeks, and altogether, in spite of her shabby dress, you would not have wished to see a prettier girl than Myrtilla.

At last she reached a tiny house that had once been white. There were no blinds on the house, but one might catch a glimpse of the sliding shutter inside the diamond-paned windows. There was a garden around the house with tiny gravelled paths and two long, oblong-shaped flower beds. In these beds were still standing a few belated pinks, some hardy marigolds, and one or two bright-colored dahlias and a great patch of rankly growing mignonette.

Myrtilla opened the door of the house with some hesitancy, for she knew that she had spent a long time on the cliffs and feared a reprimand from her grandmother. Her grandmother was known to the villagers as 'queer Marm Gray,' because she chose to live after her own fashion in this little house, away from every one. It was rumored that Marm Gray had money, but no one really knew.

When Myrtilla opened the door, Marm Gray turned around with a look of displeasure on her thin, white face. Somehow Marm Gray always gave one the impression of whiteness. She was very tall and thin and as straight as an arrow. Her face was absolutely colorless, and her hair was as white as snow. She wore a short-waisted, old-fashioned gown of the style of many years ago.

'Myrtilla,' she said severely, 'I am surprised that you should have forgotten your spinning. I shall expect you to spin an extra amount to-morrow. You neglect your best friend when you neglect your spinning wheel.'

Another reason why Marm Gray was called queer by her neighbors was, that she chose to live as her mother had done before her. She would not tolerate so modern an invention as a stove in her house, but used her great fireplace instead. Several straight-backed chairs, a huge four-poster bed, and a small spinning wheel completed the furniture of the room which Myrtilla entered. How Myrtilla hated that spinning wheel! Day after day she was obliged to spin a certain amount of wool and to knit so much on the stout warm stockings which she and Marm Gray wore in the winter. She knew that hardly one of the other girls of the village had ever seen a spinning-wheel, and as for knitting blue-yarn stockings and wearing them, too, why, the other girls would open their eyes in amazement.

In this room also was Marm Gray's small library, consisting of the bible and the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and a few polemical works in which every 's' was formed like an 'f.' Myrtilla, however, had a few treasures of her own; a book of fairy tales, a volume of Mrs. Browning's poems, and a copy of Tennyson's works. Once Myrtilla had tried to write a poem herself. She had endeavored to describe the cliffs and the island and the sunset on the water. She had sent her poor little effort to the county paper, and her verses had been very promptly returned to her. Many and bitter were the tears that she shed over that rejected manuscript.

Now Myrtilla was longing passionately to go away to school, where her love of learning and books would be gratified, but it did not seem as if this would ever be.

She made no reply to Marm Gray's reprimand, but moved noiselessly about the room preparing their early supper. After supper she washed the dishes and swept the floor and lit the candles. Then marm Gray read a chapter out of the old bible, and by eight o'clock the inhabitants of the dingy little house were fast asleep in bed.

It seemed to Myrtilla that she had only been asleep a moment when she awoke with a feeling as if a mountain was pressing down on her chest.

She could hardly get her breath. Did she smell smoke? She sprang from the bed and began to grope her way through the blinding smoke to the door. Where was the door? She could not find it. Now she stumbled against a chair, now against the wall. The smoke was choking her. At last, thank God! her hand touched the cold, slippery knob of the door, and she was out in the entry. A man was struggling up the narrow staircase. He seized Myrtilla in his arms and plunged down the stairs with her.

'Grandmarm,' she gasped, 'is she safe?'

'Yes,' the man answered hoarsely.

How good and sweet the out-door air seemed after the cruel scorching heat within!

'It must have been a spark from the fireplace,' Myrtilla heard one of the neighbors say as the man set her on the ground. She heard a sob behind her, and turning around she saw Marm Gray, her white hair streaming about her shoulders, wringing her hands in her agony. Myrtilla ran to her grandmother and wound her arms about her.

'There, there, grandmarm,' she said, 'don't mind it so much; please don't cry so.'

Marm Gray freed herself from her granddaughter's clinging arms, and with a shriek of 'The spinning wheel! my mother's spinning wheel!' rushed straight into the burning house. For a moment the crowd seemed paralyzed, then a man darted after her.

It seemed to Myrtilla hours before the man and Marm Gray reappeared, the latter clutching firmly to the little spinning wheel.

After that kind friends took Myrtilla and her grandmother away and did all that could be done for them. But Marm Gray seemed changed after that night. Her form seemed to shrink and bend, and suddenly she seemed to grow very old. Her mind wandered somewhat, and she would sit for hours looking at the old spinning wheel and fondling it lovingly. Her health began to fail, and it was not long before Myrtilla realized that she was going to lose the only relative that she had in the world. People were very kind to the poor lonely girl, when at last it was all over and Marm Gray laid in the little graveyard on the hill. The minister's wife 'mothered' Myrtilla and brought her dainty things to eat. Deacon Lowe's wife, a good-natured woman with a loud voice, declared that she would be glad to take Myrtilla and bring her up as one of her own children. The child could help about the house and go to the district school in the winter. Myrtilla had a couple of hundred dollars which, it was found, her grandmother had left her in her will.

'This would give Myrtilla a little start in the world,' the deacon's wife said. One clause in Marm Gray's will read this way: 'I particularly charge my granddaughter, Myrtilla Gray, to cherish my mother's spinning wheel and I entreat the aforesaid Myrtilla Gray to spin all the wool in the box attached to the wheel.'

Myrtilla was not very happy at Deacon Lowe's. There were so many children to be waited on, and so much was expected of her. Often after her day's work was done she would sit in a low little chair near the sitting-room window, her favorite books neglected, gazing mournfully at the ruins of the dingy little house and wondered how she ever dared to be unhappy there. How she missed Marm Gray, dear, queer Marm Gray! A hard lump would come in her throat and her eyes would fill with tears as she thought of the dear old times.

Not much time for day dreaming now, not much time for gazing at the island with all the little Lowes's stockings to mend and rooms to be swept and dishes to be washed, and a thousand and one things to be done. If God would only help her to bear her burden!

Myrtilla fulfilled her grandmother's request religiously, and every day managed to eke out time enough to spin a little of the wool in the box. One very cold day when the frost was thick on the windows Myrtilla crept up to her little chamber under the eaves. It was quite warm there, for the big chimney was just outside the door. It was almost sunset, and the cold, slanting beams of the sun made the crisp snow glitter and sparkle and made the frosty windows gleam like sheets of gold. There was very little more wool in the box, and Myrtilla meant to spin it to-day. As she picked up a bunch of the long, white rolls, her fingers encountered a thick paper package. With trembling hands she drew it out. It was addressed to herself in Marm Gray's old-fashioned handwriting. Myrtilla broke the seal with a wildly beating heart. A letter fell out addressed to 'Mrs. Myrtilla Brown' and another to herself. Her own letter said:—

'My Dear Granddaughter,—If you are faithful to my wishes you will find this and your reward. You have always been an obedient child, and I know that you will not be slow in following my commands. I have for a long time seen your desire for an education and have known your longing for a different life from that which we live. I feel that my days are numbered and I cannot spare you now, but after I am gone you will find this and sufficient money to send you where you can get all the education you desire. Forward the enclosed letter to your mother's best friend, Myrtilla Brown, Blank street, Boston, and give the bonds also enclosed to Deacon Lowe, and tell him to use them as I have indicated in this letter. Good-bye, dear. God bless you!

Your affectionate grandmother
MARY GRAY.

Myrtilla fell on her knees and burst out crying. 'I don't deserve, grandmarm,' she sobbed. 'God is too good to me.'

The daydream on the cliff came true after all, for in the home of her mother's friend Myrtilla found all that she had desired. The much-coveted diploma became hers also, and when she received it she wore a white dress and crimson roses and a beautiful shell comb in her hair.—'Wellspring.'

Miss Fearless.

(By Annie Jay, Author of 'Meg, Maid-of-all-Work.')

It was a most unfortunate name, as the owner thereof meekly acknowledged to herself and her friends. She was a nervous middle-aged spinster of some fifty odd years, and had been born fearless in name—but in name only.

No lover had ever come to woo her, neither had any rich relatives bethought them of leaving her a name and an inheritance. Miss Fearless had, therefore, to bear the burden of her ironical title through life. She was the last of her family, and resided in a small detached villa known as 'The Shrubberies.' A few laurels and a couple of stunted arbor vitae — one on either side of the gate — were, however, the only shrubs that presided over these high-sounding premises.

An old servant acted as housekeeper and body-guard to her mistress, constituting the one remaining link (except perhaps the title of the villa itself) betwixt this commonplace present and the sweet shadowy past.

Susan, in happy contrast from the little lady she loved and ruled over, had been born strong-minded. She therefore lacked the smallest sympathy for other people's feelings and foibles. Yet the subject of nerves generally was a favorite topic for argument with the next-door cook.

'Nerves? What is nerves? Just you show me one!' Susan jerked out the words fiercely over the backyard fence. Her strong red arms were filled with a heap of white clothes. 'Fads and nonsense and paganism, I calls 'em, and always shall, Eliza. So it's no use your sayin' they're anything else to me.'

Eliza had confessed to 'an attack of 'high strikes' the day before, attributing it to the state of her nerves—in other words her temper.

'Now, there's my missus,' Susan went on, lowering her voice, 'who no one shall ever say a word against in my hearin'. She goes to her church as regularly as I go to chapel, and reads her Bible from Genesis to Revelation. Yet she's afeared of every one of the Almighty's livin' creatures, from a cow in the street to a beetle in my kitchen, let alone a mouse! That aint my idea of religion, though p'raps I say it, as shouldn't,' added Susan, panting, as she came to the end of her argument and her clothes pegs together.

It was indeed too true, for all Susan's proneness to exaggerate, that Miss Fearless by no means lived up to her family name. She would often pass days, to say nothing of the nights, in a chronic condition of alarm.

To quote Susan again, who had lived in Miss Fearless's service since her own girlhood: 'What with them great lumberin' carts and flyin' carriages, and those nasty stuck-up things they call bicycles, my missus never knows when she leaves her front door if she shall ever get back on her own feet. Maybe she'll be "carried home whole or in pieces," she says to me before she goes out. So she writes her name and address in big letters and sews 'em inside all her dresses.'

But Miss Fearless's peculiar forebodings were reserved for the possibilities of fire and burglars.

These two horrible words seemed to write themselves in scarlet and black across her mental vision. She never breathed them even to Susan except in an undertone of awe and mystery.

I suppose there were few nights in her solitary existence that the little lady did not go to bed without one or other, or both, of these pet horrors roosting in her mind.

But one spring evening, although she knew it not, Miss Fearless raked out her fire to the smallest cinder, and locked and bolted her doors for the last time.

In the morning she did not come down to breakfast, and Susan, who usually rose with the birds, went and knocked sharply at her mistress's chamber door.

She waited, hearing no reply, then knocked again, louder than before, and a low voice said, 'Come in.'

Susan went in, like a gust of north wind, but stopped short at sight of the face on the pillow, it looked so small and white.

'I think I will lay still a little while,' Miss Fearless explained, apologizing for this sign of weakness on her part. 'And perhaps, Susan, after you have washed up, you had better go round for the doctor.'

Susan had no sort of patience with fads or hysterics, but she knew illness when she saw it. It was the first time she could remember being sent on such an errand, but she lost not a moment in setting about it. She did not wait to wash up.

The young doctor looked grave as he examined his patient.

'How long have you felt this pain?' he asked her.

'A month or two, perhaps more,' she answered, looking him full in the face.

'Did you guess it might be serious?' he asked again.

'I supposed it might. My parents died from heart disease.'

'You are a brave woman,' the doctor acknowledged; 'but you should have sent for me before.'

Miss Fearless smiled.

'Brave!' she re-echoed. 'Brave! Oh, no, I was never that. Only in name, you know.' And then in other tones she said, 'How long does it mean for me?'

The young man glanced at her uneasily.

'I can scarcely tell,' he answered at last.

'I would like to know. Tell me, please,' the sick woman asked wistfully, as one who had a right.

The doctor looked away. 'Perhaps a few weeks, not longer,' he told her gently.

'Thank you. I wanted so much to know.'

Miss Fearless held out her thin hand, and there seemed a strange shining in her eyes.

The young man rose to go. 'There are not many like you,' he said admiringly.

'No, indeed,' responded she quickly; 'I should hope not! You see, doctor, I have always been a weak, silly woman. Susan says she believes I have nerves where other people have bones, and I almost think she is right.'

'Not all the brave go into battle,' murmur-

ed the doctor to himself as he closed the door and went downstairs. In the hall stood Susan, with her apron to her eyes.

'Please, sir, is she very bad?' was the question she could hardly bring herself to utter.

The young man made a gesture of assent, and gave a few instructions.

'But she won't be goin' to die!' gasped the old servant, frightened to paleness by his look and words.

The doctor paused, as he had done once before. He was contrasting in his own mind this face of horror with the tranquil one upstairs.

'I fear she is,' he said slowly, as he turned the front-door handle, and Susan, smothering her head in her apron, sobbed aloud.

A few friends, who were wont to laugh at the little spinster's fancies, came to pity and console her in the days that followed. Instead, they went away wondering. All their sympathy seemed out of place.

The aged vicar of the place, who had known Mary Fearless from girlhood, was the first visitor at her bedside when the flat of death had gone forth.

'Dear friend,' he said cheerily, laying his hand on her own, 'I hope you may be better soon. Even doctors make mistakes sometimes.'

'There is no mistake here,' she had replied, smiling up in the old man's face.

'She is like a child going home from school,' he told his wife afterwards. 'God has given her his gift of peace. I reminded her how an old writer had remarked that it was not a sin to be afraid, but a great felicity to be without fear.

'"But I am not loth to go," she said; "and all I love are there," pointing to the heavens through her open window. "I wish," she went on, sighing, "I wish I had been of use in the world. It is the thought of my weakness and uselessness that distresses me now."'

'"God knows about that," I answered her, as best I could; "but of one thing I am sure —you are showing us how to die."'

'Susan,' said her mistress, a week later, 'come and sit close by me to-night. I want to talk to you about the future, when I am no longer here.'

'Oh dear, ma'am, don't be sayin' things like that! Maybe you'll be gettin' well, after all,' faltered her servant trembling.

'No, Susan, you know better than to say so,' her mistress answered in the faintest tone of reproof. 'And I have so much to tell you.'

'But, dear ma'am, ain't you afeared?' asked the strong-minded woman, whose face matched in whiteness the one on the pillow.

'I was never very brave, you know," Miss Fearless said, sadly; 'but I do not dread to die. There was a time when I kept awake at night for fear I should die in my sleep. But death looks friendlier now, and the sweetness and happiness seem all in front.'

Susan sat and listened as though to an angel from heaven; but she could not understand.

'I have been left behind so long,' her mistress went on, musingly, 'and I want to go home to them all.'

If she lived to be a hundred years old, thought Susan, she would never want to die.

'Don't think of my example, Susan—that has been poor enough. But promise me with all your heart to meet me again in heaven.'

Miss Fearless sank back on her pillows faint and exhausted, while Susan promised with many tears to keep that future tryst.

The night passed quietly. Only once was the old servant disturbed. She could almost fancy her mistress was conversing with some one in the room.

'O suffer me not,' she heard the low voice say, 'for any temptations of the world, or any snares of the devil, or any pains of death, to fall from Thee.'

Then all was still, and Susan lay down to sleep. Worn out with nursing and her own grief, she did not wake till dawn. The leaves of a passion vine rustled against the window, waking Susan from her slumber.

She wondered, remembering the old days, whether her mistress might hear the sound and be alarmed, and stole noiselessly round to her bedside.

Miss Fearless lay as she had gone to sleep with one hand pressed into her cheek. About her mouth was a smile like children wear in their dreams. Susan touched the hand that was lying on the coverlid.

'Are you asleep, ma'am?' she asked, her own voice sounding strange in the stillness. But her mistress answered never a word, for was she not seeing heaven.—'Hand and Heart.'

The Cost of a Delay.

It was snowing fast, and all the air was thick with the soft flakes, whirling rapidly past the wide windows. But the pretty chamber was warm, and filled with a delicate fragrance from the rich crimson roses in the old china bowl on the table. As Hetty hung over them, touching caressingly their velvet petals, one could see she had wandered into a fair dreamland, and forgotten the storm outside, and the swiftly waning afternoon.

It was not often that Hetty dreamed; for two thoughts had entered into her heart with power, and she had begun to realize the responsibility of every human life. One thought was of him who had so loved others that he had given his life for them, and was giving it still. The other was of the many in sore need—within sight and reach—people who had but scant food, no shelter worth the name, no fire in the bitter cold, and who hardly knew what love meant. Yesterday morning her Irish washerwoman had answered her pleasant smile and inquiry as to how she was getting on:

'Shure, Miss Hetty, darlint, there's more poorer nor me,' and had gone on to tell her of another family in her tenement house. The mother was dead, the father a drunkard, one of the daughters had gone away, nobody knew where, the other had married quite respectably, but felt herself decidedly above the rest of the family, and refused to take charge of the boy, a cripple, and ill in other ways. 'The poor creetur has a hard time, Miss Hetty. It's little nursing he gets, and I'm thinking it's little food, too.'

Hetty soon discovered the washerwoman had been sharing her own small supply of fuel and provisions with the boy, until she found the father was using her charity to live in idleness.

'You mustn't take from your little store. I'll go to see him to-day;' and she smiled at her brightly. 'I'll be so glad to help him.'

She was true to her promise. Two or three of her girl friends ran in with pleasant plans for the morning, but she resisted all temptations, and was soon on her way to the old friend who had offered to share such expeditions. Mrs. Langdon had an almost life-long experience in works of charity, and Hetty's father was not willing for her to go alone.

They took a street car, but had to get out and climb a steep, badly paved sidewalk before they reached the house. The man was a shoemaker by profession, and his sign was over the lower door, but all their knocking failed to bring any response. Two or three heads had been watching their movements with keen interest from the opposite windows, and several voices informed them, like a chorus, that 'he warn't hardly ever in the shop,' and advised them to try the rickety flight of steps that led to the alley below.

With some trepidation Mrs. Langdon descended and Hetty followed. They landed in a narrow, black passage-way, with a door in front of them. Knocking here more than once, Hetty at last heard a faint sound inside, pushed the door open and went in. There was a sickly, stifling smell, and the room was so dark that she could hardly distinguish one object from another. As her eyes became accustomed to the dimness, she saw an old box, a set of drawers, a battered stove without fire, and a grimy-looking couch in the far corner. Here lay a boy of fifteen, so emaciated that he could not have weighed more than a child of five. To say his face was as white as the bedclothes would have been misleading, as these were black, but there was an unnatural pallor on his face. In spite of the dirt and disease, he was not repulsive; his face was sweet in expression, and his eyes bright and intelligent. He answered their questions almost eagerly, with a sweet, piping little voice, curiously infantile for his age. The pains in his back and hip were pretty bad, especially nights. And his cough? Yes, that was bad, too. He didn't like being by himself—here the door opened, and the father — an ungainly bad-looking man — slouched in lazily, and sat down on the box—there was no chair—without acknowledging their presence.

The child began to cry, a weak, pitiful cry, and said he wanted him to go away, he did not want him to hear.

'"Jes' wants to beg fur money — that's what he's up to,' said the man, though not unkindly, and as the child continued to cry he went out. He then begged that they would go to the door, and look to see that his father was not listening.

'I do want a little money,' in an eager, shrill voice. 'Jes' some little pieces of money.'

Mrs. Langdon gave Hetty a look of warning, as her hand went to her purse.

'What do you want with it?' my child.

'To buy beef—jes' a little beef to eat now and then,' he begged.

'How could you buy it, my poor child, or have it cooked? We will have some beef nicely cooked for you. That will be better than money.'

'Yes,' said Hetty, eagerly, 'I will have some nice beefsteak and rolls and jelly put up in a basket for you. That will be so much better.'

The boy was not satisfied. He turned his wasted little face to the wall, and cried on, refusing to say anything more but 'Jes' a little piece of money!'

When they came out they met the father again, and asked him what doctor had been with his little boy.

'Dr. Fairchild, but he ain't been here in a good while now.'

'I know him,' exclaimed Hetty. 'He's our own physician.'

'If you want to see him, I guess he's at the Children's Hospital,' and the man pointed toward the roof of the large building. 'My boy's been there once. He'll tell you he's sick enough,' he added, sulkily.

'I'll go to the hospital and ask the doctor what will be best,' said Hetty.

'I am afraid I haven't time to go with you,' answered Mrs. Langdon, regretfully, as they climbed down the rough ascent.

'I don't mind going there alone. Here's your car just turning the corner; I'll have some coal sent to-day,' and Mrs. Langdon stepped on the car, as Hetty hurried across the square to the Children's Hospital. She

was just in time to catch Dr. Fairchild, who boarded on her in a fatherly fashion.

When he heard her tale, however, he shook his head gravely.

'I don't understand why the child begged so for a little money,' ended Hetty.

'It was to buy whiskey or opium. He takes both, poor little fellow; to ease the pain.'

'Is it so bad as that?' cried Hetty in dismay.

The old doctor nodded his head, 'He begs for money to buy it, and his father makes him share all he gets.'

'His father!' cried Hetty. 'Why, the man warned us he was going to beg, and the child seemed afraid of his knowing.'

'I am afraid that was only a trick. The father used to make him beg when he was younger. Now he does it willingly. We put him in the hospital, and he was improving, but they took him out to carry on the begging.'

'Is there no hope of his getting well—if he came here again?' and Hetty contrasted the warm, clean rooms and the hovel of filth and bad air she had left.

'No; it is too late now. Make him comfortable a month or two, my dear; that is all you can do.'

'I ought not to give him money?'

'No; send fuel, good food—not to him, for the father will take most of the food, and perhaps sell the coal. There is an old Scotchman who keeps a shop on the right hand—here's his name and number,' and he scribbled it off hastily on a prescription blank. 'He can be trusted to give it to the boy, and to see he is kept warm. I'll go myself from here, and do all I can to help him.'

Hetty hurried away remembering there was an office where she might leave an order for wood and coal on her way home. Her heart was full of pity for the dying child, and she longed, not only to minister to his bodily needs, but to talk to him, to teach him—but who was that in front of her? She would have known that stalwart figure and light step anywhere. It was Dick—home from his travels at last—Dick, her old protector and comrade, and later on—but Dick has turned and recognized her; and in the eager delight of meeting, of questions and answers, Hetty suddenly realized that they were nearly at home, and she had forgotten the coal. She consoled herself by remembering that she might send the order by her father the next morning. He went down town so early that it would be filled as quickly as if she had given it to-day.

The next morning she was late for breakfast.

'Papa has gone! Oh, I am so sorry.'

At that moment there was an impetuous ring. Dick had come with a lovely pair of greys for a drive in the park. When she returned there was just time to dress for a lunch at a friend's. She would surely go before dark, but the snow-flakes were falling as she arose from the table, and her mother would not consent to her going out again. In the midst of the whirling snow Dick's roses arrived, and the dreams hidden in their crimson hearts blotted out all remembrance of trouble.

Yet she was not to be without a reminder. As she entered the library the clergyman was talking to her father, and she heard him say:

'Did you ever notice how swift, how instant our Saviour's response was to need? There was but one exception — the case of Lazarus—and we see how that amazed the disciples—and even that was only awaiting the right hour—not a delay for his own convenience or ease.'

A pang of remorse went to Hetty's heart. But to-morrow — whatever happened—she would go. She did not forget again, the order for coal was sent early, and immediately after breakfast she filled a dainty basket with the freshly cooked beefsteak, the rolls, the jelly, a jar of beef-tea, and some fragrant peaches. Her heart was light, and she hummed a gay little air to herself as she opened the door, ready for her expedition.

At the steps was an awkward, slouching figure, blurring the white snow like a bad dream.

'Was you goin to see my young un?' he asked harshly. ''Cause he's dead.'

Hetty's face blanched, and she staggered back, as if from a blow. The man went on.

'He 'lowed considerable on seeing you again. Said you promised him a fire and something to eat.'

The tears came fast. The man put out his hand.

'I'll have some expense burying him decent.'

Hetty put some money in his hand, and went back into the house.

Too late. She had meant to do so much, and she had done nothing, and now it was too late. She prayed with bitter tears that never again might she be allowed to put aside another's need for her own selfish pleasure and ease.

Dick called to her from the library window. He had a book in his hand:

'Listen, Hetty—isn't this fine? "If there is any kindness I can show my fellow-being, let me do it now; let me not delay it, nor permit myself to be hindered: he and I shall not pass this way again."'

'I will take that for my life motto,' said Hetty, earnestly.—'Presbyterian Review.'

What One Girl Did.

(By Alice Hamilton Rich.)

On my way East, a year ago, I had a two hours' wait at the station on account of a late train. To pass away the time I fell to studying faces and wondering where all the people I saw in the crowded station were going and from whence they had journeyed.

Just then there came in two young girls, and as it was not quite time for the train they modestly sat down a little apart to have a little talk. Evidently, one was going on a journey and the other had come to see her off.

Not far from the girls was a young woman, scarce more than a girl herself, with two babies. The elder could not walk alone, and the other was not more than three or four months old. The young mother was doing her best to hush the crying of the older child, who was restless and uneasy and wanted her mother to walk with her, while the little one in her arms demanded her entire attention. I was about to go to her help, when I saw one of the young girls leave her friend and, going up to the tired mother, try to coax the older child to come to her. But she was shy and only hid her face in her mother's gown. Baby, however, was easily won, especially as the young girl carried him about the large room from window to window. The mother was now at liberty to give her attention to the other child, who, baby that she was, had yet been obliged to give up her place to a younger one.

Time was called for the train which took the other young girl away, but still, up and down the long room, walked the young girl with the baby in her arms.

Anxious to know something of the young woman's story, who seemed so forlorn with two babies and no one to help her, I sat down by her and she told me her story.

She had been travelling for three or four days, had been waiting in the station since noon; it was then half-past five and her train was not to go until seven. Her husband had gone on ahead to North Dakota to make a home for his family, and she was to reach him at four o'clock in the morning. She was but a slip of a girl herself, but she was brave and patient and tender with her little ones. She spoke gratefully of the rest that the dear stranger girl was giving her, and acknowledged she was very tired, but added hopefully that the morning would soon come and she would be with her husband.

To make the story short, that young girl stayed in that station taking care of first one baby and then the other, until the two hours were over, and the North Dakota train was called. She only left the grateful little woman at the steps of the coach as she reached up baby number one, while the mother held in her arms baby number two and satchels, bags, bundles, etc.

It was a happy face that turned away from the coach, although the young girl had put in nearly two hours as impromptu nurse girl, and it was long past her dinner hour.

What think you, was not this girl neighbor unto one indeed? May not you and I go and do likewise?—'Wellspring.'

The Primary Catechism on Beer.

LESSON IX.

DISEASE FROM BEER-DRINKING.

(By Julia Colman, National Temperance Society, New York.)

Q.—What are some of the first effects of beer-drinking?

A.—Nausea and purging, sourness of stomach, and bad breath.

Q.—Are these effects all due to the alcohol?

A.—No, they are partly due to the foul water and the decayed matter in the beer.

Q.—What are the first effects of alcohol in the beer?

A.—Partial paralysis of the nerves, flushing, giddiness, intoxication.

Q.—What is the fat of beer-drinkers?

A.—Waste matter that ought to be carried out of the system.

Q.—What are some of the diseases caused by beer-drinking?

A.—Rheumatism, liver complaint, Bright's disease of the kidneys, and many others difficult to cure.

Q.—What goes with all these diseases?

A.—A foul condition of the blood.

Q.—In what other ways is this shown?

A.—By the great difficulty of healing any wounds, however slight.

Q.—How does the beer-drinker compare with other drunkards?

A.—He is more generally diseased and more incurable.

Improvement in the laborer's condition, says the New York 'Nation,' is impossible without cutting down his drink bills. No social arrangements which man can make can benefit people who get drunk. No matter what wages you pay a drinking man, neither his condition nor that of his family can be improved thereby.

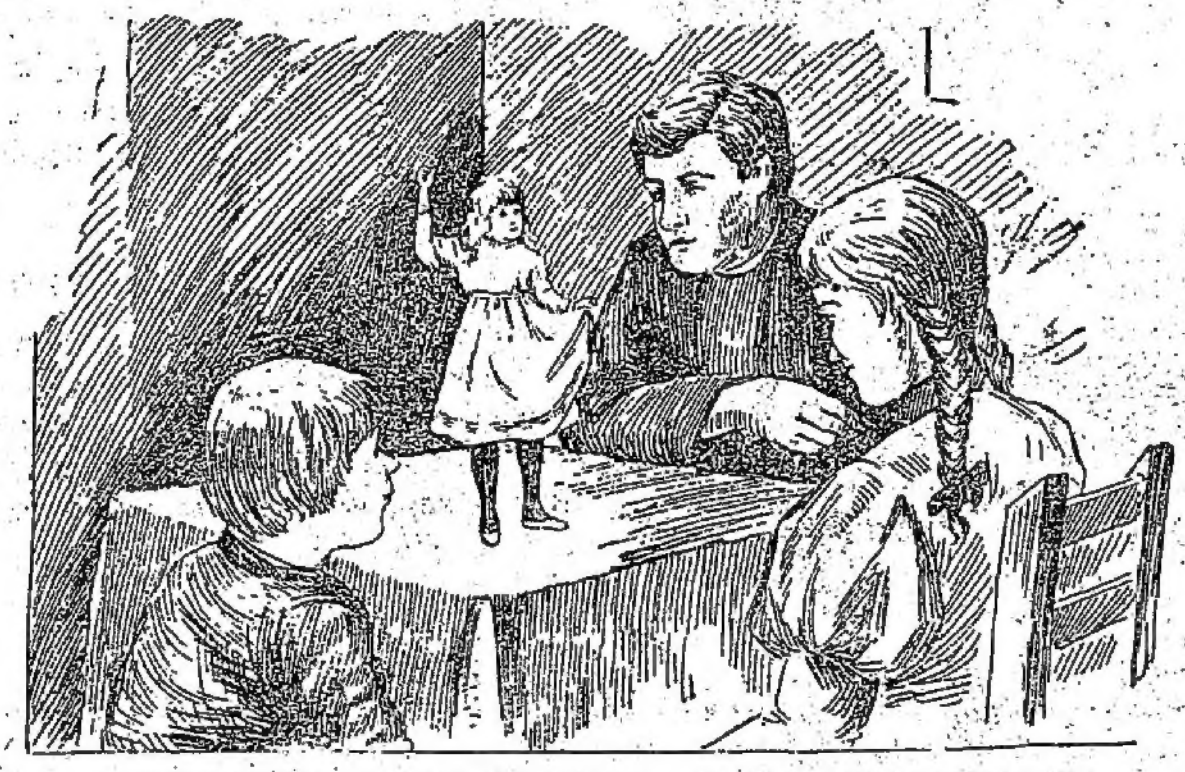
Jimmie and Beatrice in Giant-Town.

By Helen F. Lovett, in 'Frank Leslie's Monthly.'

(Concluded.)

Beatrice was rather a vain little girl, and now that she was not afraid of being killed, she began to think that these were nice people to live with. It is pleasant to be fed on cake and strawberries and have someone always admiring you.

'I wonder if it can sing,' they said so often, that Beatrice thought she would show them. She knew a number of songs, and one of them was a little French song about



'SHE SANG THIS, DANCING AND MAKI NG A FUNNY COURTESY AT THE END.'

dancing over a bridge. She sang this dancing and making a funny little courtesy at the end.

You never saw anything so delighted as the whole giant family were.

'Isn't it too sweet.' 'Isn't it cute?' they said.

If there were any danger of being killed now it was from kindness. Beatrice had more cake than she could eat, and visitors were brought to look at her and hear her sing. May made her a little pink silk dress instead of the calico one in which she had been found, and Flora strung some tiny gold beads for a necklace. This was very heavy and hurt her shoulders, but she was such a little peacock about fine clothes that she did not take it off.

All this lasted a week or two, and then May began to get tired of her new pet. She forgot to feed her regularly. Sometimes she would look into the cage and say, 'Oh, there's enough cake and a whole strawberry left from yesterday.' But the strawberry might be spoiled and the cake was so stale that it choked Beatrice, and then she had no water to drink. She felt very hungry and miserable, and cried loudly and begged to be taken home; but they only said, 'Don't make such a noise,' and covered up the cage so that it was as dark as night, and Beatrice had to go to sleep for want of something else to do.

Once they were away a whole day till late in the evening, and Beatrice was alone in the house. They left her plenty of cake and about two gallons of milk and water with sugar in it; but she was very lonely and frightened. The cage stood in the window, and the sun shone in so hot that it gave her a headache. In the afternoon a thunderstorm came up and she was drenched. The cage was full of water so that she had to wade about. Then, after it stopped, a still more dreadful thing happened. A lion got into the room, and climbed up to look at her. Fortunately the cage was large and strong, and though he clambered all over it, and thrust his paws through the bars, she kept out of his reach; but she was almost crazy with terror, and screamed and cried most piteously.

Flora came in first, and she pulled off the lion, and scatted it out of the room. Then she took poor Beatrice out of the cage and went down to the kitchen fire, where she warmed and dried her and cuddled her in her lap until the child got over her fright.

'May,' said Flora, 'it's a shame for you to treat this poor little thing so. It was soaking wet from the rain, and the kitten had got at it. You ought to have hung the cage up.'

'Yes, I suppose so; but I was in a hurry.'

'And you know you very often don't feed it.'

May was really sorry, and said she would do differently; and for awhile Beatrice fared better.

As for Jimmie, you will remember that he was carried away in Dick's pocket. When they reached home Dick found a dog collar; but it was too large for Jimmie's neck, so it was fastened around his waist, and a chain was fastened to it to lead him by.

But Dick soon grew tired of him, told his little brothers they might have him to play with.

These little giants were very rough with Jimmie. The one they called the baby (baby, indeed! about twice as big as Jimmie's father) used to carry him about by one leg, with his head hanging down, which was very painful. One day they got into a great quarrel about him. The baby wanted to throw him into the water-butt to see if he could swim, at the same time that his brother wished to set him on the kitten to see if he would worry her as the puppy did.

'He's mine,' screamed the baby, holding Jimmy fast by the legs.

'No more than mine,' said the other little giant, seizing him by the head and shoulders.

Poor Jimmie was in danger of being torn to pieces in the tug of war, until he managed to bite one of his tormentors, who instantly set up a scream, echoed by his brother. At this their mother came running out, slapped them both, took Jimmie from them and threw him down. Fortunately he fell on the grass, but he was a good deal hurt.

'Dick,' said the giantess to her eldest son, 'we can't keep that horrid little creature, if it's going to bite. You must drown it.'

'Oh, I don't want to do that,' said Dick. 'It is such a curiosity. I will keep it shut up.'

So Jimmie was confined in an empty dog house. He was glad to be out of the baby's reach, and as he was fed regularly he did not suffer; but it was a very monotonous life.

One evening there was a lecture

in the giant village on 'The Treatment of Pets,' by an officer of the S.P.C.A.

'I include human beings among animals,' the lecturer said. 'I think we giants are often unkind to them without meaning to be. I have known them to be kept as pets and then neglected. No one should keep any pet unless he knows how to make it happy, and is willing to take the trouble to do it.'

Early next morning May walked across the grounds to the edge of the wood, carrying the cage with

'SO JIMMIE WAS CONFINED IN AN EMPTY DOG-HOUSE.'

Beatrice in it. There she met her cousin, who was leading Jimmie, running on all fours, by the chain and collar.

'Why Dick, are you out for a walk?'

'Not exactly,' said Dick, blushing. 'You see I decided after last night that I oughtn't to keep this thing; so I brought it here where we found it to let it loose.'

'That's just what I thought about mine,' said May. 'I won't have another until I find out exactly how to take care of it and have more time. Let's let them go together.'

She stood the cage on the ground and opened the door, and Beatrice, delighted, ran out. At the same moment Dick loosened the chain, and Jimmie jumped to his feet.

'Hello, Trixy,' he said, 'are you here?'

'Oh, Jimmie,' said Beatrice, 'how awful glad I am to see you again!'

Her brother caught her by the hand.

'Let's run,' he said, 'before they change their minds.'

The children darted around the nearest great tree and were lost to sight. Then, without stopping to take breath, they flew like wild creatures along the forest path for a mile and more. Then they fell into a walk, and trudged along for an hour, the trees growing smaller until the children could see their tops and between them the sky; and at last they came where they saw the road and the meadow, and in the distance beyond them their own home.

Jennie's Untruthfulness.

'Won't you write me a composition, please, May? It is so hard for me to write and so easy for you,' said Jennie to one of her friends as they were on their way to school.

May good-naturedly furnished one, and Jennie copied it neatly, and at the appointed time gave it to her teacher.

The next day both girls as they sat studying were somewhat startled by the question:

'Jennie, did you write this composition yourself?'

'Yes, ma'am,' replied Jennie, and with burning cheeks she listened to some words of praise which would have been very pleasant if only she had deserved them. When school was out she hurried to her friend May with the words:

'I did write it. She didn't ask me if I composed it.'

Poor girl! What a miserable attempt to cheat herself into the belief that she had not told a lie! In passing off the composition as her own work, she had acted a lie, and in her answer to her teacher's question had spoken one.—'Bright Jewels.'

The Girl Who Hadn't Time.

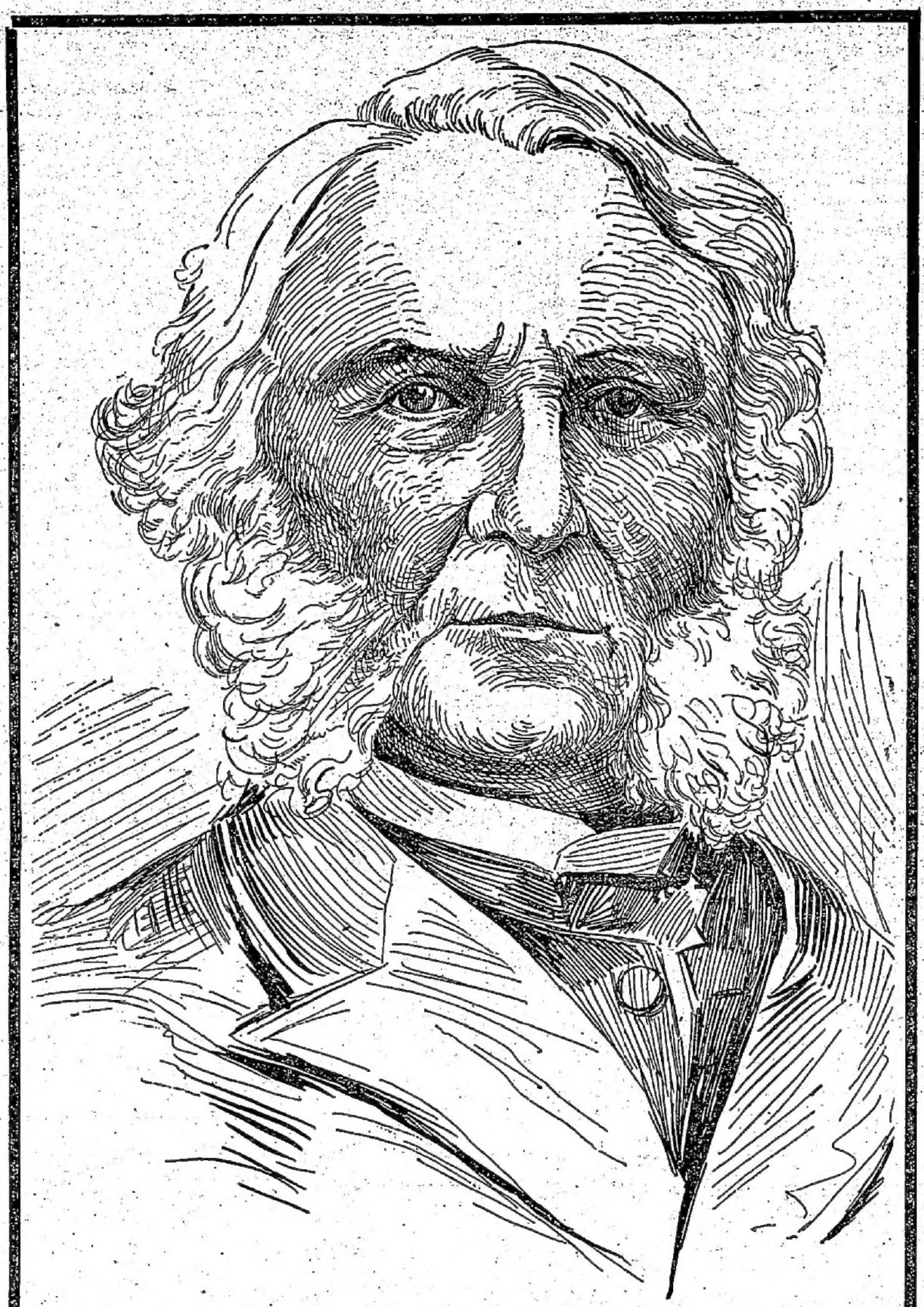
I know a little lassie—yes, I know
her very well.
Her name you ask? I don't believe
she'd like to have me tell,
But I suppose I'll have to call her
something in my rhyme,
And so I'll name her(just pro tem.)
'The girl who hadn't time.'

This morning at the breakfast table
I was much afraid
Her hair had not been combed at all
—'twas such a 'tousled' braid!
She 'hadn't time to comb it! Ha!
All very well, mayhap!
But I wonder where she got the
time to take the second nap.

And then she 'hadn't time enough'
to get to school in season;
And then she missed her lesson, and
the teacher asked the reason.
Why, she 'hadn't time' to learn it!
Now I think it queer, don't you?
Where she found the time to read
that book of fairy tales quite
through.

Oh, she's always very busy when
the table should be set,
(If we waited her convenience, why,
we might be waiting yet)
And both her brothers know quite
well that she could never stop
For the fraction of a jiffy, just to
help them mend their top.

Ah, me! The fact, I fear, that each
unbiassed mind must strike
Is, the things she hasn't time for
are the things she doesn't like.
—'Temperance Record.'



THE LATE GENERAL NEAL DOW.

After a long and useful life, General Neal Dow, the 'Father of Prohibition,' has passed away to his eternal rest.

He was born on March 20, 1804. His parents were Friends, as were all his ancestors, paternal and maternal, as far back as anything is known of them. They were all well-to-do farmers, sober, industrious, thrifty workers, living peaceful lives, good citizens with no embroilments of any kind with neighbors or others.

Neal Dow was given a good education and at the age of twenty-one was taken into his father's tannery as a partner. Soon after this he became strongly convinced of the value of prohibition, and winter and summer, hot and cold, wet and dry, he made for ten years missionary tours through the state, paying all expenses. Series of meetings were arranged beforehand. Often he and his associates on arriving at a town had nothing to do but to drive up to the Country Town House, church or roadside school, finding them already crowded with farmers, their wives, sons and daughters, waiting for the coming of these crusaders.

In the spring of 1851, Mr. Dow was Mayor of Portland; the legislature was in session. With an anti-liquor bill in his pocket, carefully drawn by him, he went to Augusta and had a public hearing in the Representatives' Hall, crowded to its utmost capacity. At the close of the hearing, the special joint committee unanimously adopted the bill as presented by Mr. Dow. It was reported to the legislature the next morning, the last day of the session, and was enacted on that day without change, by a vote of eighteen to ten in the Senate, and eighty-six to forty in the House. That was Saturday, the last day of May. It was approved by the Governor on Monday, June 2, and took effect immediately upon its signature by him. That bill thus passed, is known everywhere as 'The Maine Law.' Mr. Dow was twice Mayor of Portland. Prohibition in Maine originating in the adoption of the bill, yet remains stronger than ever in the public opinion of the state. In 1884, it was put into the constitution by a majority vote of 47,075, the affirmative being three times larger than the negative.

(For Temperance Catechism see Page 7.)

LESSON IV., OCTOBER 24.

Paul Before King Aggrippa.

Acts xxvi., 19-32. Read chapters xxv., and xxvi. Commit verses 22, 23,

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whosoever, therefore, shall confess me before men, him shall I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. Matt. x., 32.

Home Readings.

M. Acts xxiii., 11-35. Paul sent to Felix, the Governor.

T. Acts xxiv., 1-27. Paul before the Roman Governor.

W. II. Tim. i., 1-18. 'God, whom I serve . . with pure conscience.'

Th. I. Cor. xv., 1-22. The Gospel of the Resurrection.

F. John v., 24-39. Christ's Promise of the Resurrection.

S. Rom. x., 1-21. 'The Righteousness which is of Faith.'

S. Heb. iii., 1-19. 'To-day, if ye will hear his voice.'

Lesson Story.

When Felix, willing to shew the Jews a pleasure, left Paul bound, the new governor who came in his stead was somewhat at a loss to know what to do with him. Porcius Festus was a comparatively honest man and good ruler, but he did not understand the questions of Jewish law, which seemed to be involved in this case. So after the Jews had requested for their own reasons, that Paul might be tried in Jerusalem, and Paul had claimed his right as a Roman citizen to be tried at Rome, Festus delayed matters again till he could consult such an authority as Herod Aggrippa, who, being a Jew himself, would understand the case and assist Festus to write to the Emperor an intelligent account of what Paul was accused of. Paul was then given an opportunity to declare his views before Festus, Aggrippa and Bernice (one of the wickedest women mentioned in history) and a brilliant gathering of military officers and civil magistrates. Paul addressed himself directly to Aggrippa and after saying he was glad to make his defence before one who understood Jewish questions, he said it was on the question of the resurrection that he was accused of heresy. Then he told the king quite simply how he had been made a follower of Jesus just by beholding him alive from the dead, and how he had sought to obey the voice he heard then by teaching repentance and faith in the risen Christ. If Aggrippa listened with interest, Festus listened with wonder. Being a heathen, he had, perhaps, never heard of the prophecy of a Messiah, or of the hope of a resurrection. So he exclaimed that Paul had gone mad with overstudy of many writings. Paul, turning to him, said, 'I am not mad, most noble Festus,' and appealed to Aggrippa's knowledge both of the rise of the new sect and of the teachings of the prophets, to whose witness the Christians appealed. Aggrippa answered that Paul was persuading him to be a Christian. Whether he meant this as a sarcasm, or whether he was really moved, (as Felix had been) the Greek words used here do not make quite clear. Whatever his words indicated, they gave Paul an opportunity for a sudden, daring personal appeal to the hearts of all present. 'I would to God that not thou only, but also all that hear me this day might become such as I am, except these bonds.' The grandees had now had as much of this kind of sensation as they cared for and put an end to the audience. In talking the matter over with Festus, Aggrippa said that there was no reason to detain Paul in bondage except that he had appealed to the Emperor, and so, of course, must go to Rome as a prisoner. It is said that Aggrippa in after years showed some favor and even protection to Christians.

Lesson Hymn.

I have a Saviour, He's pleading in glory,
A dear loving Saviour, though earth-friends be few,
And now He is watching in tenderness o'er me,
And oh, that my Saviour, were your Saviour, too!

I have a peace, 'tis as calm as a river,
A peace that the friends of this world never knew,
My Saviour alone is its author and giver,
And oh, could I know it was given to you!

I have a Father, to me He has given,
A hope for eternity, blessed and true,
And soon He will call me to meet Him in heaven,
But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too!

Lesson Hints.

Much learning—'many writings.' Revised version, 'thy much learning doth turn thee to madness.'

Most noble Festus—R.V., 'Most excellent Festus,' merely the proper form of addressing the governor, as 'Your Excellency.' Note that Paul omits none of the courtesies, yet is careful of the truth. He complimented Felix on his long tenure of office, and Aggrippa on his knowledge of Jewish law, without flattery. It was not timidity that made him polite, as the boldness of the rest of his speech shows, and he had said plainly to Festus, 'To the Jews I have done no wrong, as thou very well knowest.'

Verses 28,29. Revised version. And Aggrippa said to Paul: With but little persuasion thou wouldst fain make me a Christian. And Paul said, I would to God, that whether with little or with much, not thou only but also all that hear me this day might become such as I am, except these bonds.

Search Questions.

How many men named Herod are mentioned in the New Testament? How were they related to each other, and what incidents are told in connection with each?

Primary Lesson.

Who was the governor that listened to Paul in our last lesson? Felix. Now another governor came whose name was Festus, and a king came, too, whose name was Aggrippa, and Paul told the king and the governor, just as he would have told a poor man or a little child, how he saw Jesus that day when he went to Damascus, and had tried to please Jesus ever since. Festus had never heard of such things, and said Paul must be crazy. Paul said that King Aggrippa knew what he meant, and asked Aggrippa if he didn't believe what the prophets had written long ago about Jesus. Aggrippa said Paul was trying to make him a Christian, and Paul said he did wish that the king and the soldiers and all the other people in the room would be Christians. Paul, though he was a prisoner, was the happiest man in that room.

SUGGESTED HYMNS.

'Almost Persuaded,' 'I Love to tell the Story,' 'One offer of Salvation to all the World make known,' 'Why do you wait, dear brother?'

Practical Points.

By A. H. Cameron.

Acts xxvi., 19-32.

Paul found obedience better than sacrifice, and never shirked his duty. Verse 19.

Faith and repentance were two great swelling notes that Paul continually blew from the gospel trumpet. Verse 20.

Paul feared not the body slayers, while his trust was centred on him who created soul and body, and could destroy both in hell forever. Verses 21, 22.

The light of Christ's resurrection has brought life and joy and peace to millions of hearts and homes. Verse 23.

Blessed are all they who have the holy enthusiasm which the world calls madness. Verses 24, 25.

A man may get very near to the door of heaven, and yet be shut out. Verses 26, 29. Compare Mark xii., 34.

How often we pass our opinion upon the character of others, and forget to look into our own heart. Verses 30, 32.

Tiverton, Ont.

Answers to Search Questions

The following have sent in good answers for August:

Leila Duffin, Cora May Sider, Mary Lydia Crisp, Emma Moore, Annie Sharp, Helen Bentham, Louis G. Hamilton, Eva Woodward, James E. Gray, Roy Fash, Violet Haley Goodwin, Ella C. Anderson, Grace D. Allan, Lizzie C. Brown, Jennie Ross, Kate H. Moorehead, Mrs. P. Harper, Maud Peach, Helen Dewitt Lawrence. Kate H. Moorhead and Louis G. Hamilton also sent answers for July which were not noticed at the time. We must again exhort competitors to send answers for all the Sundays in one month at a time. A few have sent answers without signing their names.

Christian Endeavor Topic.

Oct. 24.—Confessing Christ before men: Why and how.—John xii., 35-43; Rom. x., 8-11. (A meeting for special thought of the associate members and the unconverted.)

Junior Prayer-Meeting Topic.

Oct. 24.—Why should we confess Christ, and how?—Rom. x., 8-11.

The Teacher's Responsibility.

(By Geo. Schwitzer, Esq.)

What teacher is there, having a just conception of his calling, who does not feel the heavy weight of responsibility resting upon him? This is right, for without such feeling he has no right to occupy so exalted and important a position as to attempt to set himself up as the moral and religious guide for the young, even for the Sabbath-school hour only. Every teacher should feel responsibility for faithful preparation. No hurried preparation for our class work should suffice; we should not allow ourselves to fall into the habit of half doing this important part of Sabbath-school work. The teacher who thinks he can deceive his class in this matter is mistaken. Scholars have a right to suppose that the man or woman who is placed over them as teacher is capable of teaching, not everything, of course, but something; and when they find out to the contrary they at once lose not only their good opinion, but sometimes their respect for their teacher. This gone, influencing is out of the question. Faithful preparation is a threefold duty—to ourselves, to our scholars and to him to whom for every act we are held responsible.

We are responsible also for our teaching. We are almost certainly responsible for what we teach and how we teach it. The Sunday-school is no place to 'air' our pet doctrines or beliefs, or to involve young minds in the intricacies of theological questions. Doctrinal questions may come later, but not now, when only the broadest principles of morality, religion and Christianity can be understood. In teaching we need to know our scholars individually and intimately. No two are precisely alike in needs, desires or tendencies, any more than in facial expression; and we need to teach with this fact in mind.—'Evangelical S. S. Teacher.'

What Scholars Expect.

First. Certainly they have a right to expect my presence every Sunday, for my responsibility is to God in this matter, and I dare not absent myself at pleasure.

Second. Certainly they have a right to expect that my management of the class will be such as shall tend to their fullest profit and enjoyment of the school.

Third. Certainly they have a right to expect that I will thoroughly prepare myself and my lessons by every available means. Why am I a teacher if I do not teach?

Fourth. Certainly they have a right to expect that I will heartily engage in all general exercises of the class, the same as they are expected to do. Why not? I am their pattern—their leader.

Fifth. Certainly they have a right to expect that I will exemplify in my daily walk the life I seek to hold up before them on Sunday. I cannot hope for success unless I seem what I ought, and be what I seem.'—'The Helper.'

HOUSEHOLD.

The Mother's Psalm.

We find this acrostic arrangement of passages from the Psalms on the back of a convention programme. May its sentiments animate all Mothers' Societies of Christian Endeavor!

That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth. Ps. cxliv., 12.
Hear our prayer, O Lord. Ps. cxliii., 1.

Every day will I bless thee. Ps. cxlv., 2.
My help cometh from the Lord. Ps. cxxi., 2.
O how love I thy law! it is my meditation all the day. Ps. cxix., 97.
The earth is full of thy mercy: teach me thy statutes. Ps. cxix., 64.
His work is honorable and glorious. Ps. cxl., 3.
Enter into his gates with thanksgiving. Ps. c., 4.
Rest in the Lord. Ps. xxxvii., 7.
Surely his salvation is nigh them that fear him. Ps lxxxv., 9.

Stand in awe, and sin not. Ps. iv., 4.
O Lord, my God, in thee do I put my trust. Ps. vii., 1.
Cause me to hear thy lovingkindness in the morning. Ps cxliii., 8.
I love the Lord because he had heard my voice. Ps. cxvi., 1.
Exalt the Lord or God, and worship at his holy hill. Ps. xcix., 9.
The Lord is merciful and gracious. Ps. ciii., 8.
Yea, the Lord shall give that which is good. Ps. lxxxv., 12.

O, how great is thy goodness which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee! Ps. xxxi., 19.
For the word of the Lord is right, and all his works are done in truth. Ps. xxxiii., 4.

Consider and hear me, O Lord, my God. Ps. xiii., 3.
Examine me, O Lord, and prove me. Ps. xxvi., 2.
—'Golden Rule.'

Self-Control.

From our own mistakes we elders are sometimes fitted to give a word of caution to the younger generation. Therefore, I would offer a few hints regarding the child as it arrives at the age when its will begins consciously to conflict with the others. These conflicts will occur in even the 'best regulated families,' and how shall they be met by a mother burdened oftentimes beyond her strength by the multitude of household and other cares?

Dear young mother, when one of these occasions arises consider for a moment that no other duty is just then equal in importance to this, and, with a silent prayer for guidance, take the matter in hand at once. We will suppose that your child knows, so far as may be, your love for him. Then do not, in your insistence upon obedience, give him the least ground for supposing that it is in order to have your own way. Give him to understand that the work of control is for him to do, and that you are the loving, sympathetic adviser and helper. Don't be afraid to tell him that you had such struggles yourself when you were little. After a word or two of this sort a good way is to tell him to run away into a room by himself—don't forcibly shut him up—and when he feels pleasant again he can come out. If he is old enough to have learned to ask his Heavenly Father to help him, a word and look rightly given will tell him what to do when alone there. And his smiling, loving face when he comes back, and you receive him into your arms, more than repays the interruption and time taken from other duties.

Don't 'lecture' much at the time of his excitement. Wait till the quiet bedtime hour when his heart is tender with your brooding and with the thought of the dear Jesus who so loves the little children. Then carefully and wisely bring up the day's experiences; show him the danger of yielding to his temper and how every victory is going to make him stronger next time. You can make a story of it sometimes—a fight with a big lion, or some such figure that will appeal to his imagination.

If the child is quite young it may be well to give him something to divert his mind at the time until he is calm and you are at liberty to attend to the matter. This is not the 'let alone' policy by any means. Sometimes he will set up his will against yours when it is impossible to wait for him. Then just take him without a word and bear him where he must go; show him your power and authority, but don't scold. Surprise at his naughtiness and sorrow at his opposition to you who loves him so much are far better weapons than harshness. As for scolding, it never did a particle of good anywhere under any circumstances. It is the outcome of your own nervousness, and it is for you to subdue.

A word as to the general training of these high-tempered, headstrong natures. Such children usually have good points equally strong. Work upon the child through these. He is almost sure to be warm-hearted and affectionate. Give him a pet, if only a kitten, and put the responsibility of its comfort and happiness, so far as you can, in his hands. This will help develop control of himself.

Do we mothers sufficiently realize what life means to a young child? He has his own thoughts, tastes and desires, innocent enough usually. He sees everyone around him doing, as he supposes, what they like, but as soon as he endeavors to act upon some desire for knowledge, some plan which he thinks will give him pleasure, he is met with denial, often hasty and thoughtless. He is merely carrying out the law of his own being, his natural method of growth, in much that he does. Give yourself time to consider why he wants to do what you think he ought not and in most cases you will find this impulse of his can be satisfied in some other way without conflict. That little girl gave an unconscious rebuke to her friends who, when asked what her name was, said: 'I guess it's Don't! That's what they most always call me.'

How many fine natures must have been sadly injured by the old-time system of 'breaking the will.' These children with strong wills are to make the strong men and women of their generation. Let us feel our obligation to teach them to control and properly direct this God-given instrument of power.—'Congregationalist.'

Mothers and Schools.

At the National Congress of Mothers at Washington on Feb. 17, Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts, Superintendent of the Sabbath-school department of the World's W. C. T. U., and president of the International Primary Union of Sabbath-school teachers, presented the subject of 'Mothers and schools,' and in the course of her address paid the following deserved tribute to Mrs. Mary H. Hunt: 'Parents, particularly mothers, should put in the list of their solemn obligations: 1. Frequent visitation of the schools attended by their children; 2. Thorough acquaintance with the teachers of their children; 3. Co-operation with the school plans. As mothers have given a science to education it would be well to give mothers places upon school boards as is done in London, and some other large cities. What mothers might be able to accomplish may be shown by a reminder of what one mother has been able to do,—Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, of Boston, through whose efforts Scientific Temperance Instruction concerning the effect of alcohol and narcotics upon the human system has been secured to sixteen millions of children in the public schools of forty-two states and all of the territories. If one mother could do so much, what might not the whole glorious company of mothers do.

The Nightingale.

A pretty wrap for an invalid who cannot well be disturbed by putting on a sacque in bed, is made by taking two yards of single width flannel, of any desirable quality or color—for a gentleman a dark grey being possibly the most suitable, whilst a lady can have a white or very light colored one. Hold the flannel together, end to end, and from one side cut a slit of six inches in depth into the middle crease. The corners are turned back to form a collar. The corners at each end on the same selvedge side are turned back to form the cuff, through which the hands can be thrust. The edges can be finished off in any desirable fashion, by catch stitching, binding, edging, by lace or any such way. Three or four button holes can be made down the front, and narrow ribbons confine the wrap at the neck. This is a pretty and convenient wrap for a sick person.

Give Them Letters.

The 'Congregationalist' gives a sensible piece of advice to parents and others who complain that young people coming to great cities are coldly received in churches. The thing to do is, not merely to provide the boys and girls themselves with letters of introduction to some pastor in the place they are going to, but to write to the pastor independently, giving him the young friend's name and address and soliciting his kindly interest. Such requests are always received by city pastors with peculiar satisfaction and are never neglected. But to find out new-comers and get hold of them without any clue is difficult and often impossible. Don't blame the city churches for what they can't help, but help them in what they are longing to do.

Home Comfort.

Clustering in the country store at nightfall, because there they can hear what all boys delight in, the animated conversation of men—there are waifs and strays from well to do homes, where a bright fire, a bright lamp, nuts and apples, leave to play a game or two, and have an innocent frolic, would transform the house and the boy. It is hard to find patience with people who can afford to take comfort with their children, and for the sake of a paltry saving shut up their best rooms, and stew over kitchen fires during long winter evenings. Of what avail will be the land, added acre to acre, the lengthened account in the bank, when, one of these days, the boys who ought to have been educated for a large, usefulness, shall be narrow and selfish, or, reacting from the closefisted economy of their homes, become bankrupts in that which constitutes the best manhood?—'Margaret E. Sangster.'

Selected Recipes.

Indian Pudding.—One quart boiling milk, three tablespoonfuls meal, one-third cup of molasses, one egg, a little salt. Mix all well together with a little milk, pour into the boiling milk, and boil a minute or two; pour into a dish, put in one cup of cold milk, a small piece of butter, a little nutmeg or lemon. To be eaten with sauce.

Crust Pudding.—Ingredients: Crusts of bread, hot milk, two eggs, quarter of a pound of raisins, one teaspoonful of sugar, a little flour, half a nutmeg grated. Put the crusts and any stale pieces of bread you may have into a basin and pour over them as much hot milk as they will absorb, cover closely, and let them soak all night; beat thoroughly the eggs; add the raisins, stoned and chopped, and the sugar, work in a little flour to solidify the rest of the ingredients, butter a mould and boil for from one and a half to two hours.

Gingerbread Rolls.—One-half cup of cream, one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of sour milk, one-half cup of sugar, one teaspoon of ginger, three cups of flour, one teaspoon of soda and a little salt. Bake in gem irons.

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